



HENRY
CLIVE

A PROPOSAL—Painted in Oils Especially for
This Page by HENRY CLIVE

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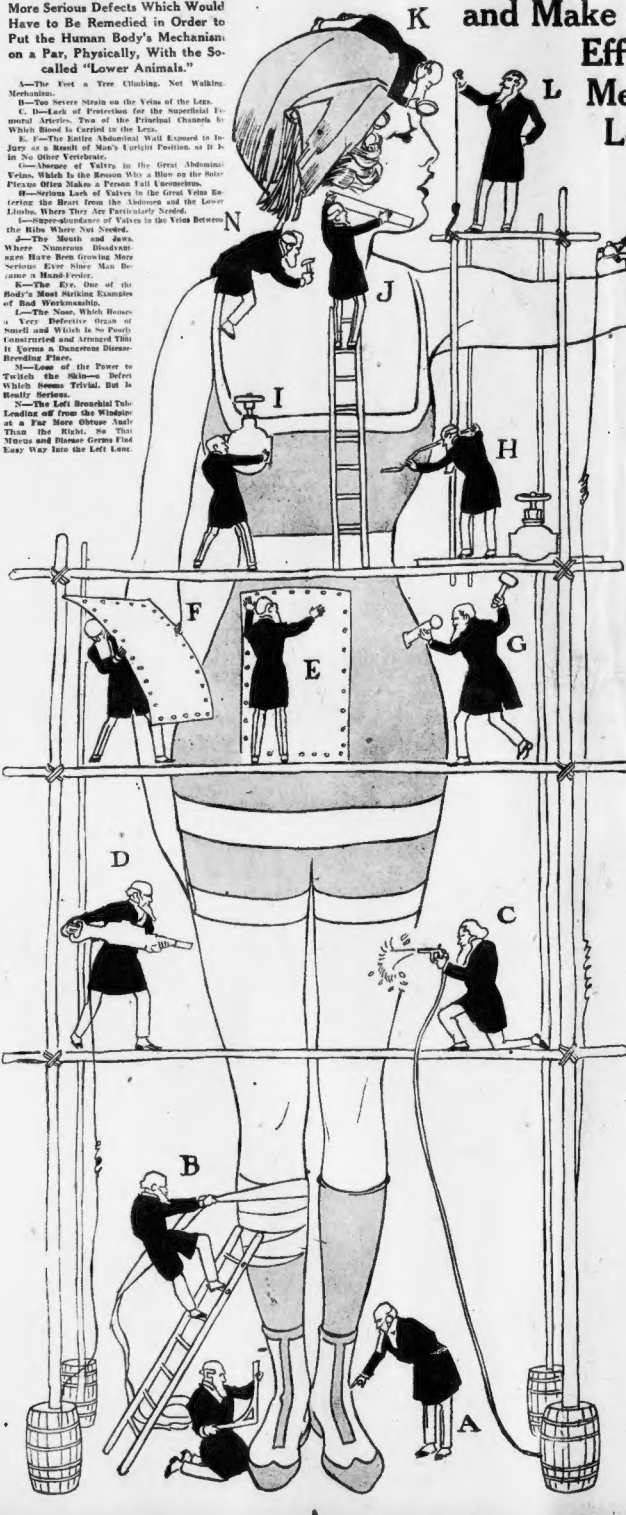
Science Explains the "Disadvantages of Being Human!"

Makeshift Feet, Imperfect Noses, Poorly Arranged Veins and Other Serious Defects Which Cause Great Inconvenience and Suffering

K and Make Us Far Less Efficient Pieces of Mechanism Than Lower Animals

A Picture Diagram Showing the Location and Nature of Some of the More Serious Defects Which Would Have to Be Remedied in Order to Put the Human Body's Mechanism on a Par, Physically, With the So-called "Lower Animals."

A—The Feet a Tree Climbing Net Walking Mechanism.
B—Too Severe Strain on the Veins of the Legs.
C—In-Lack of Protection for the Important Femoral Arteries. Two of the Principal Channels to Which Blood is Carried to the Legs.
D—The Entire Abdominal Wall Exposed to Injury as a Result of Man's Upright Position, as It Is in No Other Vertebrate.
E—Absence of Valves in the Great Abdominal Veins, Which Is the Reason Why a Blot on the Neck Often Makes a Person Fall Unconscious.
F—Serious Lack of Valves in the Great Veins Entering the Heart from the Abdomen and the Lower Limbs, Where They Are Particularly Needed.
G—Superabundance of Valves in the Veins Between the Knees Where Not Needed.
H—The Mouth and Nose, Where Numerous Disadvantages Have Been Growing Since Serious Ever Since Man Became a Hand-Footer.
I—The Eye, One of the Body's Most Striking Examples of Bad Workmanship.
J—The Nose, Which Houses a Very Defective Organ of Smell and Which Is So Fully Constructed and Arranged That It Exerts a Dangerous Disease-Breeding Place.
K—Loss of the Power to Twitch the Skin—a Defect Which Seems Trivial, but Is Really Serious.
L—The Left Branching Tube Leading off from the Windpipe at a Far More Oblique Angle Than the Right, So That Mucus and Disease Germs Find Easy Way Into the Left Lung.



Lina Cavalieri's Chin and Jaw (on the Left) Are Far More Beautiful Than Those of the Congo Savage Princess (on the Right), but Science Declares That from the Viewpoint of Mouth Hygiene the Latter Are Much to Be Preferred.

THE late Mark Twain more than once bemoaned the fact that he was a man and declared that humanity has very little to be proud of. And now it appears that there is actually a great deal of truth in what the famous humorist said half in jest.

As a matter of fact, man has surprisingly small cause, so far as his physical body is concerned, for regarding himself as nature's masterpiece and for holding himself superior to what he arrogantly calls the "lower animals." Instead of being as fearfully and wonderfully made, as we are apt to think, man's body is really a very precarious piece of machinery. The body is so full of imperfections and poor adjustments of one part to another that there are actually many disadvantages in being human.

A large number of these disadvantages are pointed out and explained by Professor B. W. Kunkel, of Lafayette College, in a most interesting and instructive article in the Scientific Monthly. To illustrate how poor our sense of smell is as compared with other animals he cites a remarkable experience which he himself had some time ago.

"I was greatly startled," he says, "at the sight of my small child calmly sitting upon the edge of a roof to which she had climbed; and, although I had just returned from my bath, I was conscious of a most foul odor from my skin immediately after I had rescued the child from her dangerous perch. It was the odor of fear."

"Think how vastly our knowledge of people with whom we come in contact would be increased if we had a sense of smell acute enough to perceive the passing variations of our bodies secretions as I did in this instance! A real Sherlock Holmes equipped with nostrils keen enough to differentiate between the odor of civility and deceit would make the feats of Conan Doyle's imaginary hero pale into insignificance."

Man's organ of smell is defective not only in the way it functions, but also in its manner of construction and arrangement. The little turbinate bones over which the sensitive organ of smell is spread out are much smaller than in our more sharp-scented animal cousins, and they are often so deformed as to make little pockets in which the secretions of the nose accumulate. When these secretions decompose they cause serious trouble, and the dissection of the nose and the cleaning of these little pockets of their mucus deposits are important parts of the nose specialist's work.

Another defect of the human body which at first glance seems trivial, but which is really serious, is the loss of the power to twitch the skin as the horse does when troubled by flies. The extensive layer of muscle which enables horses and other quadrupeds to do this has disappeared entirely from the human species except on the front of the neck and the face and the scalp.

Instead of being able to drive off insects by a sudden contraction of the skin, as quadrupeds do, man is under the necessity of using a hand or foot. As Professor Kunkel points out, countless many of our forebears plunged to death or serious injury from the free legs because they were forced to employ hands or feet to ward off the attacks of insects.

Many of the most glaring mechanical defects in the human body are due to man's present habit of striding about on his legs instead of crawling on "all fours." This habit is of comparatively recent development, as is shown by the length of time a baby creeps and the slowness with which it learns to stand erect and walk. In fact, it is so new to man that the body has not yet had time to adapt itself fully to the new position.

skin and have no muscle support frequently give way under the strain.

When this happens we have the condition known as varicose veins, which are continually discommoding thousands upon thousands of human beings.

If our bodies were thoroughly adapted to the upright position the valves in the blood vessels would be distributed quite differently from the way they are. These valves are little pockets whose purpose is to prevent the blood from flowing away from the heart. Obviously they are important only in veins which have a vertical course and in which the blood has to flow upward to reach the heart.

Yet we find an abundance of valves in the veins which lie between the ribs, and which, on account of their horizontal position, have no need for them, and a serious lack of valves in the great veins entering the heart from the abdomen and the lower limbs where they are particularly needed.

The great veins which bring blood from the legs and kidneys and from the stomach and intestines are both without any valves whatever. As a result of this lack the circulation in the lower extremities and the abdominal organs is retarded and the pressure on the veins of the legs sometimes seriously increased.

This is particularly unfortunate in the case of the liver, where the circulation is at best sluggish. There would be fewer cases of liver trouble and fewer diseases of other abdominal organs if the veins of the liver were provided with valves.

Not only the trunk, but its important artery, but the entire abdominal wall is exposed to injury as a result of man's upright position. This large area is wholly unprotected by the body's bone framework, and as it is not strong enough, the whole trunk is flattened and broadened so that it furnishes a larger target for attack and dangerously exposes some of its most vulnerable parts.

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The foot of ancestral man was nicely adapted to tree climbing, the heel being set off slightly to one side so that the sole could be better applied to the cylindrical trunks and branches. But what was just the thing for climbing trees proved a serious disadvantage when it came to walking and standing erect.

Since man assumed the upright position his heel has moved over somewhat further toward the inner side of the foot in an effort to bring the heel to the ground for tree climbing squarely on the ground for walking. The parts of the foot, however, have not become perfectly adapted to the new arrangement, and as a result there is a weakness that manifests itself as a hump arch in thousands of human beings.

This weakness is largely due to the loss of stretch between the ball of the foot and the heel and an imperfect support of the arch on the inner margin of the foot. When the defect becomes serious it has to be remedied by extending the heel of the shoe forward along the inner side of the heel to throw the sole of the foot inward and shift the weight of the body onto the outer side of the foot.

trunk to prevent the back flow of the blood nothing of the kind ever happens.

In a dog or other quadruped the groin is deeply seated between the thigh and the abdominal wall, but in man it is fully exposed and unprotected. Just below the groin on the front of the thigh is the superficial femoral artery—one of the principal channels by which blood is carried to the leg.

In an animal with the thigh habitually bent on the trunk this important artery lies deep in the crease between thigh and trunk, where it is securely protected from harm. But not so in man. With his feet spread in order to give him a stouter base and a more secure balance, the femoral artery lies exposed in a most dangerous way.

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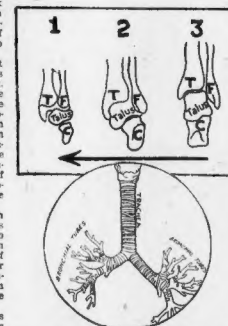
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In the lungs is found a defect which, although seemingly trivial, is undoubtedly the cause of countless deaths. As is well known, the trachea or windpipe passes from the mouth—on man's properly, he pharynx—to the lungs, dividing into the two bronchial tubes. The right tube leads off from the trachea at a more nearly a right angle than the left, so that mucus rolling down the trachea is more easily carried down by the air current, and they way into the left lung with greater frequency than into the right one. As a result of this, in the typical case of lobular pneumonia, the congested areas cluster around the extremity of the left bronchial tube more closely than around the right.

Not a few of the disadvantages of being human are found in and around the mouth. Since man became a hand feeder his teeth have grown smaller and become more closely crowded together. The wisdom tooth show several unmistakable signs of degeneration.

We think our prominent chin things of beauty, and we go with pride to the dentist's office, but the shortening of the jaws has given them as marks of man's inferiority and ability to accomplish great things. The Congo savage's receding jaw may seem extremely ugly to us, but science declares that, from the viewpoint of mouth hygiene it is far superior to our own much more attractive ones.

Man has paid heavily for his superior brain—but the brain has been worth it.



The Defective Bronchial Tubes, the Left One Leaving the Trachea at a Far More Oblique Angle Than the Right, Thus Making It Easy for Mucus and Disease Germs to Find Their Way Into the Left Lung. (And Above) The Heel as Seen from Behind of (1) a Chimpanzee, (2) an Australian Savage, (3) a Caucasian. The Fibula (F) Plays a Decreasing Role While the Calcaneus (C) Tends to Shift Forward in the Effort to Make the Foot Originally Intended for Tree Climbing into a Foot for Walking and Standing Erect. The Foot's Weakness Is Due to Its Not Yet Being Fully Adapted to Man's Erect Position.

leading from the different organs were all equipped with valves to relieve the tendency to back pressure and consequent retardation of circulation.

Still another serious disadvantage results from the absence of valves in the great abdominal veins. In case the external blood vessels of the alimentary canal suddenly enlarge, as they often do when the solar plexus is struck a hard blow, the blood is drained rapidly from the brain and the person falls in a faint. If there were valves in the veins of the

Whom Will Beautiful, Poetic, Mrs. Thomas Marry Next?

All Fashionable Society (and Broadway) •
Much Interested in the Race for the
Brilliant Divorcee's Hand—with Actor John
Barrymore
the Favorite

NO greater surprise was ever passed on to fashionable society in America by one of its members than the divorce of Mrs. Leonard Thomas—whom Helieu, the great French artist, called the most beautiful woman in the United States, and who is known as the possessor of passion of America's "Aristocracy"—from her pleasant and very rich husband. Both are young. Both have lots of money—Mrs. Thomas was Blanche Oelrichs, a daughter of that immensely wealthy family. Both, on the surface, had loved the same things—the gaiety of Newport, of Paris before the war, of New York. They seemed an ideally matched couple.

Of course, fashionable society watched with much interest and some amazement the steady progress of Mrs. Thomas along the paths of poetry. Her verses were not exactly conventional. And Mr. Thomas, coming from the old Philadelphia family of that name, was supposed to be at least conventional in his literary tastes.

Then after months of secrecy it leaked out that the Thomases had been divorced in Paris, now the international Reno, where wedding rings are cut with enormous facility and dispatch. And now society is bracing itself for a further surprise—greater it is heard than the divorce was to it. Whom will beautiful Mrs. Thomas marry next? In that question lies the coming shock.

Rumors and gossip as to the lucky man have been growing daily thicker. Very interesting is not only to Fifth Avenue and Newport, but to Broadway as well, to find that Mr. John Barrymore is most frequently named as the future custodian of the former Mrs. Thomas's charms, graces and temperament.

In fact, so many and confusing are the reports that a weekly journal devoted to the doings of the "smart folk" published recently in a paragraph the statement that no one actually knew if Mrs. Thomas "calls herself Mrs. Oelrichs Thomas or Mrs. John Barrymore."

If this were so, while it would be the beautiful Mrs. Thomas's first venture into the fields of the theatrical for a husband, it would not be Mr. Barrymore's first venture into the fields of fashion for a wife. It was not long ago that Mrs. Herbert Harman's niece, Katherine Harris, daughter of Mrs. Brady Harris, divorced Mr. Barrymore after having been converted to Catholicism in order to marry him.

And a very curious fact concerning this is that the very famous Ethel Barrymore, instead of taking sides with her brother in the matter, swung still another surprise upon society by engaging her ex-sister-in-law as a member of her supporting company in her play "Declassees." But whether Mr. Barrymore or some other, those who know Mrs. Thomas believe that she will not again marry into the set to which she was born, but into the set far more interesting to which she adopted some time before her divorce.

For months the name of Mrs. Thomas has been linked with that of the talented actor whose drafts upon his genius in his production of "Richard III" caused a complete breakdown and sent him away for treatment and rest. At least that was the cause given. But it is no secret that many of Mr. Barrymore's friends lay the blame for his breakdown on anxiety over Mrs. Thomas's affairs. They assert that her temperament, which kept Mr. Thomas on the anxious seat for several years, also kept his part in Mr. Barrymore's collapse.

For Mrs. Thomas is a very temperamental young woman, and her several years of matrimony increased rather than lessened this fascinating quality.

At all events, Mr. Barrymore's illness began shortly after the Thomas divorce was granted, and Broadway frankly says that if the lady had announced her own intention to the actor he could still be boppying Richard.

Mrs. Thomas, whose beauty is of a rare order, possesses also a curiously brilliant individuality. Her divorce revealed that she had never found supreme happiness as a member of the ultra-fashionable class to which she belongs by birth and also by her part in Mr. Barrymore's collapse. She has kept her own counsel. She has refused to say the word or take the step that would clear the fascinating mystery. Those who know her best say that she is doing perfectly right—that having made one mistake she wants to be sure before taking a second husband. But this does not satisfy either Mr. Barrymore or his numerous supporters. They can see no reason for waiting, now that she has her reason, and they say that this talk of temperament is all bunk, for Mrs. Thomas is no more temperamental than Barrymore, and therefore she should marry him and be done with it.



Mrs. Thomas in Her Phase as Poetess—with "Artistically Bobbed" Hair and an "Intense" Gown.

But others say that both society and Broadway are unjust to the beautiful divorcee. Her temperament means a great deal to her. When a woman makes a tremendous sacrifice for a possession it is no easy matter for her to surrender that possession, even under the pressure of love.

And despite the present state of affairs, it was a sacrifice for Mrs. Thomas to seek a divorce, for she displeased her family and practically went against her religious faith by so doing.

To paraphrase a popular quotation, "the girl is mother to the woman," and the Blanche Thomas of today is the logical development of the Blanche Oelrichs of yesterday, who delighted in setting all Newport by its ears before and during her marriage.

As a daughter, Blanche, the younger daughter of Charles Oelrichs, was daring and brilliant, and these qualities intensified as she grew older. The year of her debut, when she might have had New York at her feet, her dazzling brunette beauty making her a sensational success, she decided to give up society and go in for writing in a serious way. She started to write a play, but turned to poetry as a means of expressing herself.

Just when her family despaired, an unexpected attack of love interrupted her literary flight. She fell desperately in love with Mr. Leonard Thomas, son of the Charles Thomases, of Philadelphia, and married him before she thought of her temperament. Mrs. Oelrichs was elated; matrimony would surely cure Blanche's poetic and artistic urge. But the honeymoon over, this urge again got in its work, and one day she invited some friends in for tea and read them her latest effort.

They were hardly the verses of a happy wife, and they failed to appeal to her husband. How could they?

"I wake in weariness
And fall asleep in tears.
Tell me, is this life's measure
For all the future years?"

For if it is, my dear,
Then I will have no more
Of this deep ache of mine
So deep, so sad, so sore.
Then I will go to meet
The dawn below the sea,
And watch the bubbles rise
That once was breath—of me."



Mr. John Barrymore in an Emotional Scene, Upon the Stage with His Famous Sister, Ethel Barrymore.

Society, like the average husband, has difficulty in appreciating morbid genius when that genius belongs to the family. It's all right on the stage, but who cares for morbidity at the breakfast table or over the head if she had taken such swift, but Fifth Avenue has different manners. Eventually these manners lead to the divorce court, while the sterner manners of First Avenue usually lead to peace and reconciliation, when they don't end in the police court.

Following this episode, Mrs. Thomas packed up her children, they were two, and went to Lakewood, where she sought solace in the pines for her bruised spirit. Again genius broke loose and it was while there that she added further fuel to her husband's fire by writing a series of quatrains. The following one was the most offensive to the husband's rights.

"O come, my soul has lived a thousand
Within a moment's dream of you,
Beloved
So let us build this hour of delight
And give our wrongs the title of our rights."

How could anyone live a thousand nights in a moment? According to Thomas no one could, and what did Blanche mean anyway by talking about wrongs and rights? In his opinion, as a husband, he



Mrs. Thomas in Fancy Dress During the Hey-Day of Her Brilliant Social Activities.

But there was worse in store, for by mid-August they began dropping in for breakfast.

One day things came to a shrewd close when Thomas came downstairs shortly after nine to find the ball table heaped high with unopened mail, and a literary adviser, closeted with his wife in the library.

"Breakfast!" murmured the wife, when Thomas banged the door open, "I cannot eat now. I am discussing my new poem on the hidden beauty of the city—New York, I mean. Please run away, dear, and leave us alone."

With a near-murderous expression, friend husband turned away just as a chugging motor stopped at the veranda steps. Out jumped the cousins Troubetzkoy, big, overpowering men, physically, and across the veranda they clumped. Thomas, being true to conventional standards, tried to be polite.

"Mrs. Thomas is engaged, she cannot see you now," he started to explain, but Mrs. Thomas was electrified, and with a swift of her filmy chiffon draperies she bounded toward the veranda. "Oh, Paul, oh, Pierre, this is heavenly. Do come in. We are reading my new poem and I must have your advice, and, of course, you'll stay for breakfast."

Could any husband stand anything like this? He could not. Without a word Thomas grabbed his Panama from the stand and fled from his mess-up home, a thunderclap in full action. Mrs. Thomas shrugged her slender shoulders, in true melodramatic fashion, her eyes snugged and her bosom heaved under the transparency of her bodice gown. Never mind Len; he dined all night and is a bit groggy this morning. And the literary council went into executive session.

This episode was only one of many similar ones and when the Thomases returned to New York, husband and wife were far apart.

Next the beauty ran the gamut of Orientalism and Bohemianism in all their phases, and in a sudden outburst of Paganism bobbed her beautiful brown hair and had her portrait done and photographs taken showing off her modern head-dress. This brought forth another domestic storm and Thomas vowed to his wife for a few days' rest.

With the coming of the war conditions improved somewhat. Mrs. Thomas was drawn into war work as well as her own.

Seemed as though her temperament was finding its truest, finest outlet. She gave up writing, for as she explained, she could neither think nor create in the feverish atmosphere that had been created under the outpourings of her soul. It was better to drop all thoughts of literary work and devote herself to helping win the war.

After the armistice Mrs. Thomas went to Paris, and then word came that she had secured a divorce. Paris has been the happy hunting ground lately for American women seeking divorce, and over there the news caused no sensation. But over here it came as a bombshell, for it let loose all the gossip that had been seething under cover for some time, and so we are back at the beginning of our story. Will the temperamental Mrs. Thomas marry John Barrymore?

Mrs. Leonard Thomas as She Was When Helieu Called Her America's Most Beautiful Woman.

Mr. John Barrymore in an Emotional Scene, Upon the Stage with His Famous Sister, Ethel Barrymore.

thought he was the one to talk about wrongs and rights, too, for that matter. So the battle was on between temperament and matrimony.

With the coming of Summer there was a wide breach between husband and wife. They took a Newport house, however, although Blanche insisted that she would not entertain in a general way, but devote herself to writing and cultivating her artistic sense.

Life in that secluded villa on the edge of the Cliff looked peaceful enough on the outside, but what a different tale was told within its walls! Mrs. Thomas looked herself away from the distractions of husband and society and poured her soul out in reams of poetry, always deeply tinged with modern morbidity. Letters and invitations piled up on the tables in the hall and went unopened because genius must not be disturbed; even telegrams were ignored, while Thomas himself spent his days at the Casino, the beach and in the gay homes of his gay friends. And his wife was "at home" to no one.

No one? Well, not exactly, for there were two kindred souls in the colony, the cousins Troubetzkoy, Pierre, the sculptor and Paul the painter. Having the artistic temperament in common with the wife, Mrs. Thomas liked nothing better than to sit for hours in soul communions with them. Thomas did not object to finding the cousins there when he returned for tea or dinner, but when they appeared for lunch as well he did glower and scold. He complained that this was too much.

Trapped At Last By Their Finger Prints on the Murder Car

How the Marks of Their Guilty Hands Upon the Stolen Automobile Betrayed and Now Accuse After

Two Years the Brutal Murderers of Pretty Edith Janny and Her Betrothed

A Portion of the Skin Upon a Finger, Greatly Magnified. Just as the Lines Upon the Two Fingers of the Suspect, So the Scientific Detectives Find on the Texture of the Skin Itself Betraying Differences.

At midnight on the 21st of August, 1918, Edith Janny and Arthur L. Kupfer, popular and well-to-do young folk of Perth Amboy, N. J., bade friends at Highland Park, some miles away, good night and started home in Kupfer's high-powered car. The two were engaged to be married. They had attended a dance with two other friends, had taken those friends home and then had paid the late visit to the Highland Park residence.

"What shall we give you for the wedding?" cried one of the friends from the doorway as the two started to speed away.

"Oh, just wish us good luck and happiness for all our lives," laughingly Miss Janny cried back to them.

Two hours later Dr. Frank Moore, the superintendent of the New Jersey Reformatory, on the outskirts of Newark, was awakened by the sound of two pistol shots. He sprang from his bed and looked out upon the moonlit road. A little distance away an automobile had stopped. Thence he saw two men hunt the body of a third from the front seat. In this seat he also thought he glimpsed the form of a woman leaning against the side, as though, he thought, asleep. He ran down stairs and out the door. The automobile had vanished.

He found lying upon the road young Kupfer. There was a bullet wound in the back of his head and he was plainly dying. He did die a little later without regaining consciousness.

Doctor Moore telephoned to the police and in less than ten minutes from the firing of the shots the pursuit had been started.

At daylight the police found the body of Miss Janny on a lonely road four miles away. She had been shot through the heart. And a little later the automobile in which this couple had set out so gaily but a few hours before was found, wrecked and abandoned.

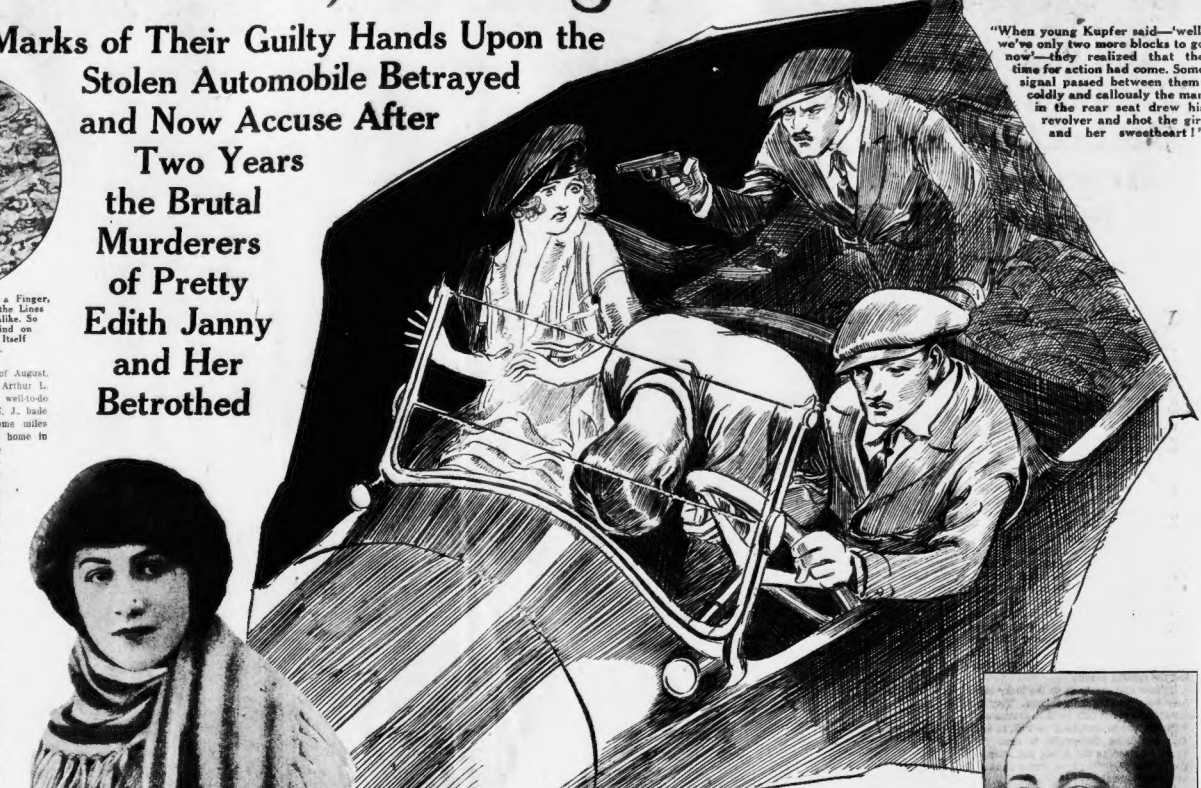
Here then began one of the most extraordinary and perplexing mysteries of crime with which the police of America ever had to deal. The girl and youth had no enemies and their lives were an open book for their friends. There were no jealous authors, nor jealous former sweethearts. The motives of jealousy and revenge could be ruled out at once.

Why then were they whom Doctor Moore had seen cast young Kupfer's body out of the murder car?

Why were they riding in the automobile with the couple? Why had there been on the front seat, and why had young Kupfer abandoned the wheel to one of the murderers? This he clearly must have done, the police argued, because only a madman would shoot the driver of a car while at the wheel, so risking the certain loss of control of the car and possible death or injury through the loss of such control. Were the murderers acquaintances of either Kupfer or Miss Janny? And if so, what could have been the motive of the cold-blooded and cruel double slaying?

And if they were not acquaintances—if for some reason they had been picked up on the road by the two—then, again, what could have been the motive? Not robbery—for in the possession of the two was more than eight hundred dollars in cash and jewels. All this remained untouched. The wrecking of the car, too, seemed to be a wanton act—therefore it was not possession of the automobile that had prompted the murders.

Why then had life been wiped out of this pair the very moment when the wide path of happiness lay open before them?



Miss Edith Janny, the Charming Young Bride-to-Be, Who Met Such Cruel Death With Her Fiance.

The murderers had vanished into thin air! But they had left one clue behind! A clue, however, so intricate, so hedged about with difficulties as to seem impossible to unravel.

This clue was their fingerprints upon the murder car!

Yes, their fingerprints. The man who had steered the car had left imprints of his hands upon the wheel. The second man—who had done the actual shooting—must have touched the sides of the car, the door. The driver had touched the windshield.

But these prints were intermingled with those of Miss Janny, of young Kupfer and of a dozen others who had handled or touched the polished surfaces from the time it had left the garage to the time it was found, wrecked and abandoned. And besides, there were other and older prints. How was a thread to be found to lead through this labyrinth?

And here a brief digression upon fingerprints and their use in identification. Upon the palms of the hands are thousands of minute lines, little ridges of skin. In these are sweat glands constantly exuding an oily fluid.

The hand is, literally, a card of identification which no one can escape bearing to those who can read its scrolls. But, with a library whose entries are the number of the whole human race, it is very difficult to put one's finger at once upon the owner of any marks under study. Because of this all great cities now have a complete as possible index of the finger-

prints of all criminals and suspects for purposes of comparison.

Somewhere, the authorities were sure, were the duplicates of the marks upon the murder car. But how disentangle those of the slayers from the mass of others? And how, after disentanglement, find in the strange criminal annals their duplicates, and so their possessors? Once this was done there could be no doubt as to conviction. It has become recognized as a rule without exception that the marks upon the fingers of one individual are not duplicated by those of any other individual in the world. No two human beings have the same delicately traced patterns on their digits. No two fingers on the same hand are alike. No two fingers of the ten belonging to one person are identical.

Now, Chief of Detectives Gallatin, of Union County, N. J., where the prosecution of the case lay, is an expert in the use of fingerprints.

So Chief Gallatin made prints of every single one of the finger marks on Kupfer's automobile. He carefully dusted "grey" powder on the marks made on the dark surfaces and granitic on the glass windshield with a fine camera's hair brush, gently removed the superfluous powder, and photographed the resultant patterns. Then he had almost two score different records.

Gallatin next took prints from the dead hands of the girl and youth and situated those from the marks on the automobile, and after a time he felt sure that he had

eliminated all but those belonging to the slayers. Then came, perhaps, the most difficult part of the task. The fingerprints records of police departments are kept according to a system which demands a print of each finger and thumb of an individual. And Chief Gallatin's prints were neither complete nor sorted. He had some twenty different marks, it is true. But he could not tell which of the twenty belonged to the same hand, nor which two hands belonged to the same man.

For instance, he had secured three good impressions from one part of the windshield. Obviously these three fingerprints belonged to the same hand. But among the remaining seventeen which two should be placed with the first three? It may be seen that here was a problem that required much patience as well as skill.

But Gallatin persisted. On one side of the car he found two more fingerprints. One of them coincided with the third finger of the three from the windshield. This gave him four fingers of one hand. He found a thumb and forefinger elsewhere, and the forefinger coincided with the first of the four already classified.

This gave him one complete hand.

And in this laborious fashion he worked out at last a perfect set of prints for four hands.

But how could he match up the hands so as to get the correct pair for each of the men?

On the steering wheel he had found no fingerprints, because of the manner in which the wheel is gripped. But he did find the pattern of the palms of two hands. He discovered another palm-mark on the door of the tonneau, where some one had evidently gripped it to pull it shut. And slightly below the top of the door were fingerprints. Neither these palmmarks were Kupfer's, nor Miss Janny's. He reasoned that the man who shot the door

had not gripped the steering wheel. Therefore, the right hand that had shot the door and the left hand imprinted on the windshield belonged to different men. He supplied the remaining left hand to the man in the tonneau and the remaining right hand to the driver of the car and he had the complete sets of prints.

Numerous copies of the records were made and sent to every police department in the country. They were returned with discouraging regularity. No police records contained fingerprints that matched.

For two years, almost, Chief Gallatin kept up the search. And then his untiring patience bore fruit. The New York State Prison Department notified him that they had just committed to Sing Sing a man named Charles Perchard, whose fingerprints coincided with one of the sets sent out by the Union County chief.

Chief Gallatin "went slumming," as he expressed it. He began to haunt the underworld of New York. He heard Perchard's name mentioned. He got a tip from a woman well known in the haunts of Jersey City and Newark. By what is probably not a mere coincidence the New York police arrested H. V. Lambie, alias George Brandon. And Lambie's fingerprints duplicated the other set sent out by Gallatin.

Perchard and Lambie were confronted with their fingerprints made by Gallatin—Perchard in Sing Sing and Lambie in Auburn. For a while they were stubborn. Then each admitted that he had seen the



Arthur L. Kupfer, the Murdered Lover.

crime committed. And each accused the other of having committed it. Which one did the killing does not matter at the moment. For each, the police say, has admitted complicity.

From their confessions, according to the police, it appears that they had gone to Parlin, a little town near Perth Amboy, for the purpose of holding up the employees of a munition works then operating there. Filled in this, they had walked to Perth Amboy, only to find that, as it was after midnight, they had no way of getting out of town until morning. They met Kupfer and Miss Janny driving home, hailed them and asked for a lift to Rahway. Kupfer good naturedly assented and the murderers climbed into the tonneau. One of the men began to boast about his skill as a chauffeur and asked Kupfer to let him drive.

Again Kupfer's good nature was his undoing. The man got in the front of the car with Kupfer and Miss Janny and drove on. The two had no preconceived plan of robbery or murder. They simply saw an opportunity for crime. And when Kupfer remarked, "Well, we've only two more blocks to go now," they suddenly realized that they must do something immediately if they were to do it at all. Some signal passed between them.

The beast in the rear seat drew a revolver and shot Kupfer through the head and Miss Janny through the heart.

In front of the reformatory. But the murderers remarked, they had aroused the neighborhood and drove on, to throw out the girl's body later on. Then they wrecked the car in the dark and escaped.

There was apparently absolutely no reason for the murder. The men had simply returned death for a favor. Surely one of the most brutal, cold-blooded crimes possible to imagine.

Perchard and Lambie, the police say, evidently thought that by accusing each other they could cloud the issue as to who did the actual killing. But Chief Gallatin has a card up his sleeve that will not leave the issue in doubt when he chooses to play it.

He knows which man sat in the tonneau and fired the pistol. The fingerprints have told him.



"The prints of the fingers upon the side of one of the auto's doors—from these the start of disentanglement and eliminating all other finger marks except those made by the murderers was begun."

Why They Rioted Over Sorel's \$10,000 Dress

The Thrifty "Cotton Stockings" Demonstrate Angriely Against France's Most Elegant Actress and She Defends Luxury as the Chief Source of Her Country's Wealth

WHO would have dreamed a few years ago that luxury would ever be denounced as a sin in the world's capital of luxury—Paris?

Yet this is exactly what has happened. A band of reformers, who call themselves "Cotton Stockings," because they are opposed to the ruinous use of silk stockings and other expensive articles, demonstrated angrily against Mlle. Cecile Sorel, the famous actress, simply because she was dressed too magnificently.

Mlle. Sorel has been the idol of Paris for years, noted for her beauty and grace and, above all, for the elegant manner in which she wears the most fashionable, the most splendid and the most costly creations of the Parisian dressmakers.

The "Cotton Stockings" murmured, disapproved, almost rioted, simply because she showed herself on the stage of the great Comedie Francaise more elegantly costumed than ever before.

Mlle. Sorel explained afterward most reasonably that Paris owed her fame and her wealth to her reputation as the capital of luxury, and that as a good Parisian she was only doing her duty in maintaining that reputation.

But still the agitation against luxury went on and will continue to do so. For France is confronted with a most distressing condition—a riot of extravagance among those who have money and great poverty among the majority of the people owing to high prices. The reformers contend that all unnecessary luxury and extravagance add to the distress of those who are struggling to live.

Silk stockings typify the things that make life difficult in France. A distinguished writer recently pointed out that all girls were wearing ruinously expensive silk stockings, that young men could not afford to buy silk stockings regularly, that they were discouraged from marrying and that the recuperation of France was hindered. Therefore the reformers adopted "Cotton Stockings" as their title. Strange to say, even persons who have little money are extravagant, and the little "mid-

nettes," the working girls of Paris, are all ostentatiously wearing silk stockings.

When "The Cotton Stockings" heard that Mlle. Sorel had given orders for the making of the most magnificent gown that had ever been worn on a French stage they had a meeting at which the whole subject was fully discussed. It was decided that the entire group should take seats for the opening night of the play, "The Prince d'Amree," in which it was to be worn, and make a formal protest against such extravagance.

The first night of the play they were all in their places with a stern expression upon their faces that bespoke the sincerity of their purpose. Everything went along well until the third act—a gorgeous fancy dress ball scene—and then the tension among the crusaders became more acute. The time for action was at hand. One character after another entered upon the scene, dressed in costumes that were so gorgeous that the economy crusaders of "The Cotton Stockings" with great difficulty refrained from rising before they saw the whites of Mlle. Sorel's eyes. But they allowed these minor sinners to pass without comment. Then came the awful moment.

Mlle. Sorel entered with compelling dignity and a charming grace, looking as if she had stepped out of the court of one of the Louis. An exclamation of admiration and wonder came from the audience—even the crusaders joining in, having been carried away by the beauty and elegance of this queen of fashion. But they soon recovered and remembered what they were there for. The leader surprised the audience by crying out loudly:

"What disgusting extravagance!"

This was followed by a chorus of protests from other reformers, such as:

"Do you forget we've had a war?"

"Outrageous!"

"Some people can't buy bread!"

Then the rest of the audience came to the rescue of their idol. There were cries of protest all over the house. Some shouted to have the party of crusaders put out but they hesitantly stuck to their guns and hung back. A few even threatened violence, but the serious leaders of the crusade checked them.

Mlle. Sorel took it all in the dignified way that so becomes her. There she stood, clad in a splendor of costume such as has rarely been seen before. She wore a gown that cost \$10,000 and jewels worth nearly a million!

Mlle. Sorel's costume certainly lacked nothing to make it original as well as expensive. She wore an immense head-dress of orange, yellow and blue ostrich plumes, the colors artistically contrasted, held in a setting of a diamond-studded band about the forehead; curiously shaped pendant earrings of diamonds and pearls; ropes of pearls, each pear a fortune in itself. The dress was designed by the famous portrait painter of the nobility of France, Jean Gabriel Demoreque. The underskirt was of cloth of gold—something unknown in the manufacture of fabrics to-day. Over this was draped an art shade of blue tulle, bordered and studded with brilliants. A cuirasse of diamonds came well down in a point at the front, relieved by a band of orange, made a brilliant artistic effect.

On her fingers were her famous pearls—gowns which have a history almost as great as France, for they were worn by some of the wives and favorites of the most famous rulers and nobles of France, and had seen the most luxurious and extravagant days of the French monarchy. An immense fan, carried as gracefully as in days of old, crowned the creation. It was made of large ostrich plumes of the same color as the head-dress, mounted on a diamond-studded handle, from which a ribbon of pearls and diamonds, tied in a bow knot, hung.

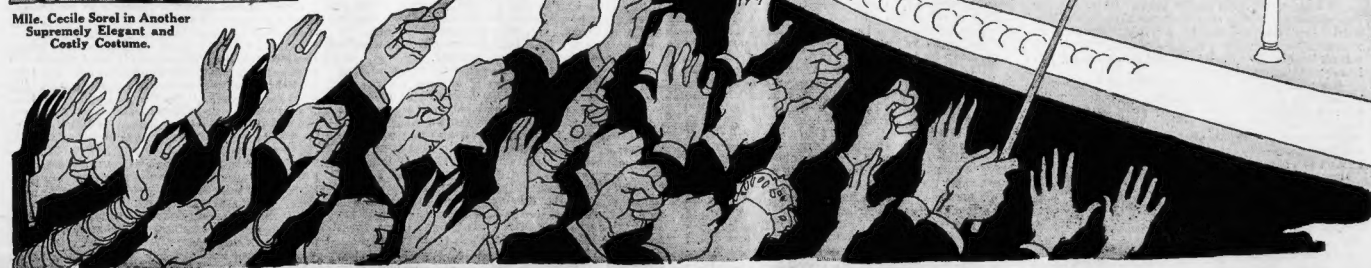
The traditions of the Comedie Francaise, the ancient, classic "House of Moliere," had been broken! A riot had almost occurred "within the sacred walls of the great temple of French dramatic art!" But Mlle. Sorel did not seem at all disturbed by the experience she had just gone through as she sat in her lace after the play. She said to your correspondent:

"People who make a demonstration such as was made to-night must be people who cannot think. Why should we forsake the traditions that have made France the great nation that she is just because some thoughtless, perhaps well-meaning, women led away by false ideas based on misinformation think to reform the world by destroying luxury? Do they not realize that the very thing—elegance—which they protested against to-night is what has made France's reputation in the world? We are a nation de luxe! We always have been so and we always ought to remain so. It is that which draws the world at large to our country. We hold the unique position of being the world's surreyours of luxury."

"We have been brought up to love the life of luxury; education increases our love of the beautiful and appreciation of the artistic. This is what inspires us to create the wonderful things that give pleasure of the world. With luxury removed, France would be no longer France. 'Luxury is an important asset in supporting the life of France. When you consider the great amount of capital that is invested in dream-making shops, jewelry manufacturing, modest, making of artistic things, which are all the children of luxury, you can appreciate what it would mean to take this asset away from French business. There are thousands of our best people who are dependent upon what the 'Cotton Stockings' call foolish luxuries."



Mlle. Cecile Sorel in Another Supremely Elegant and Costly Costume.



"Cries of 'Shame!' 'People are starving!' and menacing gestures greeted the queen of Parisian elegance as she entered in her dazzling new \$10,000 triumph of the dressmaker's art."

The Hope Diamond Mystery — Car

The Startling History of This Fascinating Stone That Has Followed Its Owners for Fourteen Centuries and the Story of the Ruined Life of Marie Who Once Owned It and Wore



The proud Queen Marie Antoinette sitting beside her confessor on her way to be beheaded.

By May Yohé (Lady Francis Hope)
CHAPTER VI.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

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LAST week on this page I told of the little chorus girl who was a member of the company "The Crystal Slipper," in which, although it was only my second engagement as an actress, I was a star. My readers will remember I spoke of the splendid qualities of the men of the West, and how always I would remember them, especially because of what one group of Western men, typical sons of the Rockies, did for this little girl.

This chorus girl, who was beloved by everyone because of her wholesomeness and cheerful disposition, was supporting an orphaned brother at school in the East. She had not been well all season, and now it had become imperative for her to go to a hospital somewhere for a long battle against slow death, with a good hope that if she persevered and did not worry she could win the fight. She was very proud and independent, and would accept help from no one.

Our tour took us to San Francisco just at a time when I was very much depressed by the plight of this brave girl. My abstraction was noted by several rich men whom I met shortly after our company reached the city, and as the days of the engagement passed I frankly told one or two of them just what was troubling me. They had noticed the girl on the stage, and were immensely interested.

In those days I loved to play poker. These rich San Franciscans gathered in my apartments at one of the fashionable San Francisco hotels every evening after the show for a sociable game. We played only for enjoyment, with a small limit, and very seldom in our games did any one lose more than ten dollars or so.

One night just after I had explained the predicament of the little girl to my Western friends a larger party than usual gathered for the nightly game after the performance at the theatre was over. The party included two or three men who have since become famous throughout the country—one became a United States Senator and another is a sugar king.

One of the men, a wealthy Southern California rancher, the one who had suggested a "pot" for the chorus girl, suggested that we send for the girl. "Perhaps," he said, "a little company will cheer her up."

The rich rancher was a daring gambler. He took charge of the game, and it seemed he was never so interested in his cards as when he was playing directly against me. After a few rounds he dared me to lift the penny limit, and, as he expressed it, play a real game.

too. I've only got a little, but put it all in the pot, please. What I've got is no use anyway—it's too little. You're bewitched with luck to-night, and maybe you'll win for me."

I just seemed to go crazy then. I won time after time. My goodness! what hands I did hold that night after I put the little girl's money in! Every time I drew to pair I got a full house. If I went in on a bob-tailed flush I got a three-card straight. I caught the other two almost every time. Once I held four kings as opponents against three jacks in one man's hand and a straight flush pat from the ten down in the hand of the rich rancher. How the betting did fly then! I opened with ten dollars. The three-jacks man raised the ante to fifty dollars. The rancher came in with another raise of fifty. Every player but one stayed in. The three jacks man got his fourth jack in the draw, and then we moved the pot and let the limit go to the sky.

The little sick girl had won eight hundred dollars already on my playing, and she made me put every cent of it in this pot. She was so excited that when her eight hundred dollars ran out in the betting she let me "steak" her to another five hundred, and this went in, too.

The pot swelled until there was twenty-two thousand and some odd hundred dollars in it. Then, the straight flush man, the rich rancher who had egged me on to wager the little girl's money, dropped out with a sigh. I shoved in another hundred dollars to raise the last bet. The four-jacks man "saw" me and "called." Then my whole body went cold. The time had come for a show-down. I dropped my cards face down. I was trembling and afraid to start the show-down.

"Come, Miss Yohé—show 'em up. Let's see what you know about poker," the man who had held the straight flush bawled at me. With a desperate jerk I flipped over my cards and spread out the four kings. "The pot's yours," said the four-jacks man as he threw down his hand. "Let's quit."

When we had counted the pot there was almost \$2,900 in it. Somehow in the excitement we had lost track of the proportion held by the sick girl, who, with her own money and what I had put in in her name, had \$2,900 represented. She insisted upon receiving no more than her just share, but I could not figure this out. One of the men said, "This is a friendly game—no pikers here—I think Miss Yohé should divide evenly with the young lady." To this I agreed instantly, and every one of the men around the table supported me.

So the little girl took almost \$12,000. In a few days she was on her way to Arizona, with all the players in that poker game at the depot to see her started, each one of them putting about like grandmothers, trying to do something nice—"just to remember us by," they said. She had sent \$5,000 to a lawyer in the East to be used for her brother, "until she got well." The Arizona

TO find herself mistress of the palace of an English Duke, with jewels outrivaling the jewels of many a crowned head, with London town house, country estates, castles, shooting preserves—would probably fulfill the happiest dreams of millions of American women.

And yet May Yohé, the daughter of a Pennsylvania country dress-maker, had all this in her grasp—AND THERE IT ALL AWAY.

May Yohé, the beloved and petted wife of Lord Francis Hope, was also to share with her husband the added title and still greater estates of the Duke of Newcastle. Was it the malevolent power of the unlucky Hope Diamond that then intervened and blighted her life?

The story of May Yohé's career will be told from week to week in these pages by May Yohé herself. Few plots in drama or fiction equal the extraordinary real life experiences of this remarkable American girl.

And the "curse" of the famous Hope Diamond?

Something, indeed, seemed to cast its sinister shadow over her life and pursued her relentlessly in America, in Asia, throughout Europe and even in South America. May Yohé discusses this famous gem which once was hers, and reveals much of its past history which has not before been made public—history which began with its theft from the sparkling ornaments of the Buddhist idol fourteen hundred years ago and drags its sinister trail down through the centuries to the shocking death of little Vinson Walsh McLean, whose parents now own the "curse" stone.

Jean Baptiste Tavernier came into possession of the stone in 1649, stolen from the sacred golden statue of Rama, in the Temple of Rama and Sita, Burmah, India. Tavernier was torn to pieces by wild dogs.

Then began what I believe was the most exciting game of poker I have ever seen. The sick girl sat beside me, coughing dreadfully all the time. As the betting went on—ten dollars, fifty dollars, a hundred dollars at a jump—the little girl caught the fever, the hectic flush in her pale cheeks deepened and her eyes sparkled with excitement. "Oh, Maisie," she cried at me, "bet for me."

climate did wonders for her, and after a few months she returned to San Francisco and was married to the rich rancher, and they are the happiest couple in California to-day.

Years afterward I learned that those typical Western men had "put up a job" on me. They had carefully staged the game, and those wonderful poker hands I held, on which I kept winning with hardly a break in my luck, "were pure frauds—deliberately given me by each player in turn, so I would win with the little girl's money. It was their way of helping the poor little sick chorus girl without letting her know she was receiving what really was charity.

How I love that sort of men—and beyond the Rocky Mountains there are so many of them! I wonder why God ever makes any other kind!

It was poor Marie Antoinette of France who, writing a last pitiful note from the Bastille to the friend of her Dauphine days, the Countess Polignac, said: "My greatest indiscretion, I think, always has been in my choice of the friends to lean upon in a crisis."

Any one who has read at all of the history of the France in the days of the Bourbons knows the character of Marie Antoinette, the wilful, capricious daughter of Marie Theresa of Austria, who was betrothed and married by proxy to the Dauphin, heir to the throne of Louis XV., even before she had ever set eyes upon her future husband.

I told last week of the fate of Nicholas Fouquet and of that of Valiere, the favorite of Louis XIV., after the Blue Crystal upon this Louis had purchased from Tavernier entered into their lives. What became of the Blue Crystal upon the death of the aged Louis XIV. was a mystery.

It does not again appear in French history until the famous episode of "the Diamond Necklace," the episode that led, in its inevitable train of events, to the French Revolution, the execution of Marie Antoinette and her best friend, the Princess Lamballe, and the end of the Bourbon Kings.

For eighteen years Antoinette had been the real ruler of France. The frivolities of her youth as the Dauphine, had shocked the French. Her flirtations, none of them serious, had aligned against her many of the more virtuous matrons of the nobility and her choice of friends and confidantes never had been politic.

She was so extravagant with the moneys of the king dom that her people, never favorable toward the Austria from whence she came, were prompted to criticize her more severely for these indiscretions, which in another Queen would have been merely amusing.

One after the other they passed in succession long lists of nobles and foreigners of distinction whom the court gossipers whispered of as admirers of the Queen and to whom, these asserted, she gave indiscreet favors. These included the brave de Fersen of Sweden, who loved the Queen devotedly, but with an adoration that was pure; the Duc de Chartres, whom the Queen liked at first but who presumed to trespass upon this liking a little too far—and was given his cone; Gustavus, King of Sweden, who spent long months at the French court as "Comte de Haga," and who flirted outrageously with the Queen, but without apparent success, and at last none less than the great Cardinal Rohan, who not only was impious, but a fool, for he least of all was favorable to the Queen.

But with the Cardinal returned the Hope Diamond, the "Blue Crystal," and Marie Antoinette's downfall—innocent though she was.

Madame de Montespan, who wore the jewel, was abandoned by the King. Nicholas Fouquet, intendant of France, who borrowed it for a festive occasion, was executed by order of the King.

Queen Marie Antoinette, who wore it, was beheaded. The beautiful Princess de Lamballe, who wore it, was torn to pieces by a French mob.

King Louis XVI., who owned it, was beheaded. Hendrik Pals, the diamond merchant's son, who stole it, was a suicide in London in 1829.

The first of the Hope family who bought it suffered a long series of misfortunes, including the death of his favorite son.

Simon Frankel, New York broker, who bought it for \$166,000 in November, 1901, met financial difficulties. Jacques Colot, another owner, was afflicted with madness and committed suicide.

Prince Ivan Kantovski, next owner, was killed by revolutionaries. Lorenz Ledus, to whom he loaned it, was murdered by her lover.

Simon Mouratides, who said it to the Sultan Abdul Hamid, was thrown over a precipice while riding with his wife and child; all were killed. Zubaya, the Sultan's favorite, was killed by her master.

Abdul Hamid paid \$400,000 for the stone. He was dethroned. Jehver Agha, an official of the Yildiz, attempted to steal the stone and was hanged.

Selim Habib, Persian diamond merchant, who had handled the gem, was drowned.

January 21, 1912, Mrs. Edward B. McLean, of Washington, D. C. bought it, wore it and was used by Cartier, the jeweler.

Simon, her only child, little Vinson McLean, the "Hundred-Million-Dollar Baby," was crushed to death under an automobile.

Nothing else in all history, nothing in fiction or the drama parallels the extraordinary record of this sinister jewel, which is related for the first time by a remarkable woman whose own life was blighted by its wicked "curse." This will be told from week to week on this page.

Countess Jeanne de la Motte, wife of an impecunious nobleman of low rank, was sufficiently beautiful and lax to obtain for herself a questionable position at court. She was as clever as she was unconventional in her behavior. She it was who became a confidante of the Queen in the eyes of Cardinal Rohan when that dignitary paid his daily respects to the Queen.

The Countess knew the Cardinal's weaknesses and played upon them. He was the "Grand Amour," the dispenser of huge funds, and he himself was rich—accustomed to pay well for his diversions. She put herself in the Cardinal's way and accepted the advances she knew he would inevitably make. Her complaisance was a new amusement for the Cardinal, and he made the most of it.

After a short time the Countess' ardor seemingly began to wane. The Cardinal reproached her. In the midst of his angry—stereotyped—outburst he used so often they were mere recitals—she interrupted him to say that he could not impose upon her, that she knew his secret, and, more, she had learned that which would make it nothing less than a mere jest for her to continue accepting his attentions.

The Cardinal was much disturbed and curious. Then the Countess drove in the opening wedge of a clever scheme. She lied to him that she had been fortunate enough to become a confidante of the Queen in that Marie had admitted in a burst of confidence that she had sensed a personal devotion in the glances which the Cardinal had bestowed upon her, and that her heart had fluttered in the realization.

Rohan could not believe his ears. "If it were not true," asked the Countess, "do you suppose I would be so lightly throwing aside the favor Your Eminence has bestowed upon me, especially when to lose that favor is to rob myself of the greatest joy that has come into my life? But I could not be a rival of my mistress, the Queen."

The Cardinal's vanity allowed no answer to this piquant argument other than complete belief that what the Countess said was true. And one may imagine his elation when the Countess further confided that there still was more for her to tell him. "The Queen asked my advice about the dangers there would lie in her writing to you a note by her own hand; I told her the danger was great; and that determined her. She declared danger was the spice of love, and that within the fortnight she would send Your Eminence, by my own humble hand, a written testimonial of her regard."

The Countess used the fortnight in perfecting her plans. She warned the Cardinal he must not display, even were he to take a note with the Queen herself, any knowledge that he had discovered the true state of affairs with the Queen's heart. "Our Queen is proud, you know, and must be cautious; she wants no flush to come into her face for a shrewd waiting woman to detect as a mark of Your Eminence's presence," the Countess said.

In the meantime la Motte took into confederacy with her a disreputable soldier, Retaux de Villette, who was known as a gifted penman. At la Motte's dictation Villette wrote a letter addressed to "My Dear Heart"—the Countess de la Motte, filled with expressions of royal confidence and enthusiastic appraisals of "my adorable friend, the fascinating Cardinal." "Convey to him, my dear friend," a paragraph said, "such expression as you will of the high regard I have come to feel for his dignity, his generosity, his nobleness of character, and—yes—and his own dear self." When he had written all this Villette signed the letter boldly with a flourish "Marie Antoinette de France."

La Motte took her precious forgery to Rohan—the

May Yohe (Lady Francis Hope)

the "Curse"
Centuries
Yohe,



May Yohe in "Come Over Here," which she played at the London Opera House.

Queen had said she might convey to him its contents, she explained. Rohan was in the seventh heaven of delight. Still, he was cautioned by La Motte he must not show, even to the Queen herself, his happiness, nor, indeed, that he understood. The intriguer assured him royalty had strange ways, and the Queen must be left to her own plans, and to expect their fulfillment at the Queen's pleasure. In the meantime, La Motte suggested, would it not be well for the rich Cardinal to express his joy in a way that was open to him—the gift of some handsome sum of money to one of the Queen's pet charities, perhaps send the money direct to the Queen that she might make the gift in her own name!

Nothing, except a rendezvous with Marie, could have pleased him more. He sent by La Motte a gift of 50,000 francs for the Queen to dispense as she saw fit among the poor. Needless to say, this money never reached the Queen, but was divided between La Motte and her confederate, Villette. Other letters written by the soldier and signed with the name of Marie Antoinette passed from La Motte to the Cardinal, each breathing some new admiration of the Queen for the foolish priest. Each time the Cardinal accepted the hint of La Motte that still another gift of money for the Queen's charities would be fitting.

Then, emboldened by the continued gullibility of the Cardinal, La Motte and her confederate hit upon a brazen scheme. There existed at that time a diamond necklace, unrivaled in beauty and price, to which hung as a pendant the famous "Blue Crystal," which had so mysteriously disappeared from the court of Louis XIV. This necklace was in the hands of two court jewellers, Boehmer and Bassange, who never divulged the secret of their coming into possession of it. It was said they had hung the "Blue crystal" upon a chain of diamonds at the order of some Eastern monarch, who, when he learned what the price would be—100,000 pounds—declared with a sigh that he could not afford it.

All the nobles in Paris at that time knew the necklace existed. Once it had been shown to Marie Antoinette,

The unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette and her little ones painted shortly before her execution.

who would have purchased it, but was advised against such an extravagance, in view of the attitude of the public against her, by her sincere friend and admirer, the Count de Fersen. The King would have bought it for her, nevertheless, had he not been dissuaded by his ministers. La Motte remembered this necklace, with its great diamond pendant, and suggested to the Cardinal that if anything would hasten the Queen's decision to throw discretion to the winds and at least acknowledge his devotion secretly, it would be his gift to her of this beautiful and expensive jewel, thus bringing about through her its restoration to the Bourbons.

Rohan accepted this hint, as he had all others of the designing La Motte—influenced no doubt by another letter written by Villette, but to his credulous eyes the penmanship of his adored one. The necklace, with its pendant, was given to the Cardinal by the jewellers upon the Cardinal's promise to pay for it in four equal instalments, and by him given over to La Motte to be secretly conveyed to the Queen.

La Motte did not intend that the Queen should receive even a single stone from that gorgeous necklace. Her husband went with it to London at once, and there began to sell the diamonds one by one. When, however, he offered to London jewellers the enormous blue diamond, there was none who would assume the risk of its purchase.

The smaller stones were bought readily, but the Count was compelled to return to France with the Blue Diamond still in his possession and despairing of being able to dis-

pose of it at all without bringing discovery down upon himself and his wife.

By this time the Cardinal was becoming impatient. He asked of the Countess de la Motte why the Queen, even though she did not wish yet to recognize his love, even between themselves, had not done him the compliment at least of wearing the necklace, if only once, as a slight appeasement of his subdued emotions. La Motte could give the Cardinal no satisfactory answer. When he persisted the plotters held a troubled conference. What was to be done to keep the Cardinal patient? But one solution presented itself—the Queen must be made to unconsciously give the sign the Cardinal desired.

All this time de la Motte really never had been received by the Queen, despite her continued presence at court. Now, however, an audience was granted, upon representation to Marie that the Countess de la Motte had a communication to make to her and a packet to deliver which would bring great happiness to the Queen.

At this audience the Countess, after pleading that the mysterious message she was to deliver required secrecy, persuaded the Queen to send her waiting women from the room. Then, alone with Marie, the designing Countess, laid before her the wonderful Blue Diamond, with the explanation that she had been commissioned to give her this, the most valuable diamond in France, honored already by association with the Bourbons, by one who wished to thus express his high regard for Her Majesty's generosity to the poor. This person, La Motte declared, wished to be nameless, unrecognized, but had instructed her to assure the Queen the gift was but a token of humble loyal esteem, and that she might, if she wished, discharge her obligation in selling some of her lesser jewels and giving the proceeds to charity.

The Queen wore the diamond at the next mask ball. The Cardinal saw it, and was overjoyed. La Motte saw it and was at ease again—but not for long. The court jewellers saw it also and concluded at once the Cardinal had bought their necklace for the Queen. Others saw it and wondered greatly at what they took to be a new sign of the Queen's extravagance. The jewellers were loyal to their Queen. They defended her when the gossip about extravagance reached their ears. Pledging secrecy each time, they whispered right and left that the Queen had expended none of the state funds for a bauble like this—that a great nobleman, one of the greatest and richest in France, had been the purchaser—and the giver.



Elmore's dramatic painting of Marie Antoinette facing the French mob after it had broken into the royal palace.

Such a delicious morsel of scandal could not be held up by pledges at secrecy. All the world knows how the scandal spread until at last it came to the innocent ears of the Queen herself. Marie Antoinette was sometimes weak and vacillating, often frivolous—but never lacking in courage. She summoned the Cardinal before her and heard his confession; she ordered the arrest of the Countess de la Motte and insisted upon a public trial. The diamond itself she consigned to the strong box of the royal jewels, intending, it is explained by historians, to leave its final disposition to the judges of the court before which she sent Rohan to trial.

The Cardinal was acquitted. The Countess de la Motte was condemned, but she escaped from the Bastille and with her confederates fled to London. The populace saw in both the acquittal and the mysterious escape of La Motte—signs that the Queen really was guilty. Plotters against the throne took advantage of the popular suspicion to lay the foundation for the Revolution which broke out soon after and ended in the beheading of both the Queen and Louis XVI. and in the downfall of the monarchy. So at least once in its sinister career the Hope Diamond has changed the history of the world.

But let me get back to the West and my own experiences of the struggling days before the Hope Diamond began to work its baneful influence upon me. I had very few unpleasant experiences in the West during my first tour with the "Crystal Slipper," but I did have one or two. Walking down the street of a new town one morning the day after our show had opened, I almost ran into the arms of a big, dirty, bearded rough, who came stumbling out of a saloon. He had a belt full of guns and a lot of bad whiskey behind the belt, I fancy. He was a rough, who was trying to convince the settlement that he was a "bad man," but he hadn't the nerve to be really bad; he was only a counterfeit. He held out his arms and stopped me, and he looked very fierce to my girlish eyes. I saw another man come to the door of the saloon. He made a spring, and swinging his leg as he jumped, he kicked the "bad man" so hard that I heard his teeth click as he went up. - I'm very fond of watching football, but I never saw a kick like that before or since.

When that "bad man" came down to earth he didn't feel for his gun. He was too busy attending to himself. They made him follow me to the depot, and he carried the bag I had come in search of from the depot to the hotel, limping on behind me as quietly as a lamb, and the "boys" formed an escort, and when I reached my hotel they gave three cheers for "Little Miss Maymie" that made me feel it was good to be alive.

Did I have any lovers? Of course I did—that is, lots of nice men fell in love with me and offered me marriage. They used to send me presents of the strangest kinds—gold nuggets and things of that sort—and I cannot now recall one single unkind suggestion or hint that ever accompanied the gifts. They mostly came anonymously, and were always respectful.

(To be Continued Next Sunday)

(Continued from Preceding Page)

CHAPTER XV.

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Training a Servant

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

Of course, before I begin this short talk it is assumed that the mistress has a servant to train. Possibly she is one of the lucky few who are able to find housekeepers in this day of difficult labor. The other day a correspondent asked me how to arrange work for her young helper, who always seemed to keep the place in confusion.

Naturally, if a worker has been well trained in some other situation it is well to "let well enough alone." One of the difficulties in the past has been that no two mistresses have similar standards, and that, therefore, the worker is being constantly told to do something in a way different from what she previously learned. If I found that a worker achieved good results—no matter if she did not do each task the way I thought best—I would let her do it that way without trying to change her at all.

If I could make a written rule I would say that the first rule of training a servant is to have a well-trained mistress. "Like mistress, like maid." No inefficient mistress can expect to train others to be efficient. If she will be an excellent thing for the mistress to do before requiring others to do it for her. Let her use her superior intelligence and plan the work—even make a "time study" of her own normal conditions to estimate the extent of the work.

My next advice is not to ask the untrained worker to do too many different things together, because she becomes confused. Remember in dealing with different young workers that their minds are like those of children—they do not reason and they must be told only one thing at a time. And that one thing must be told quietly, clearly and without emotion.

Third, write down a schedule of work, not only for the whole week, but for every day. Give the worker the dishes before making the bed?

Does she brush up the dining room before doing the kitchen? On what days is she to thoroughly clean the kitchen? And so on. Let the mistress herself decide what is the best order of work, then write down this order and see that it is followed. Also this written schedule is as necessary to the mistress as to the maid, because all too often the mistress, being only human, forgets what she has said.

In no place is it so important to write down orders as in the menu for a meal. It is most foolish to say, "Now, for supper to-night we will have pork chops and a bread pudding and a tomato salad and mashed potatoes," or whatever it is. To tell things off orally like this is most foolish, because some item is sure to be forgotten. If the menu is written down, then there can be no excuse for its not being followed. The planning of meals and the ordering of supplies should be done right after breakfast, so that the worker will have ample time—possibly to prepare some part of the meal in the forenoon—or so that if the desired foods are not in the house they may be procured in time.

Every schedule for a permanent worker should have some kind of rest period in the afternoon when she shall be free to go to her room, to dress or to go out if she wants to without question. If such a definite period is assigned to her she will be more likely to get her work done in time.

The thing to be remembered is that there are personal idiosyncrasies in every worker, and that each worker does some kind of work especially well and other tasks in different degrees of proficiency. It is hardly worth while for the mistress to attempt to change a worker's natural manner of work or habits. It is better to plan a worker's work so that she can do it in her own way, stretching the arm muscles as much as possible, then slowly sweeping them in the side with a sweeping-like stroke, all the while keeping them on a level with the shoulders.

Hold them thus until you feel a strain upon the muscles, holding five while you inhale deeply and slowly, five more while you exhale and five while you slowly yet forcefully expel the air from the lungs until they seem entirely empty. This exercise expands the lungs and develops the breasts, and at the same time has the virtue of making the stomach and abdomen smaller.

To make the body supple and at the same time to reduce the hips place a bath mat or blanket upon

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Stewed Plums, Oatmeal, Toasted Bread, Coffee, Luncheon Hawaiian Egg Plant, Baking Powder Peach Torte, Dinner Veal Pot. Pie, String Beans, Lettuce Salad, Rice Parfait, Coffee.	Breakfast Peanut Milk Omelet, Potatoes, Toasted Bread, Coffee, Luncheon Macaroni Mushrooms, Cold Beef Heat Potatoes, Luncheon Lemon Jelly, Dinner Beef Heat, Potatoes, Cauliflower, Steamed Cabbage, Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce.	Breakfast Milk Omelet, Potatoes, Toasted Bread, Coffee, Luncheon Cold Beef Heat Potatoes, Luncheon Lemon Jelly, Dinner Beef Heat, Potatoes, Cauliflower, Steamed Cabbage, Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce.	Breakfast Milk Omelet, Potatoes, Toasted Bread, Coffee, Luncheon Cold Beef Heat Potatoes, Luncheon Lemon Jelly, Dinner Beef Heat, Potatoes, Cauliflower, Steamed Cabbage, Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce.	Breakfast Milk Omelet, Potatoes, Toasted Bread, Coffee, Luncheon Cold Beef Heat Potatoes, Luncheon Lemon Jelly, Dinner Beef Heat, Potatoes, Cauliflower, Steamed Cabbage, Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce.	Breakfast Milk Omelet, Potatoes, Toasted Bread, Coffee, Luncheon Cold Beef Heat Potatoes, Luncheon Lemon Jelly, Dinner Beef Heat, Potatoes, Cauliflower, Steamed Cabbage, Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce.	Breakfast Milk Omelet, Potatoes, Toasted Bread, Coffee, Luncheon Cold Beef Heat Potatoes, Luncheon Lemon Jelly, Dinner Beef Heat, Potatoes, Cauliflower, Steamed Cabbage, Apple Dumplings, Hard Sauce.

Summer Beauty Hints

By Lina Cavallieri,
The Most Famous Living Beauty.

DON'T grow lazy in the summer and resign yourself to becoming fat with the drowsy excuse, "It's too hot to exercise." It is, indeed, too hot at midday, but not in the early morning or the late evening.

The best plan for you to follow is to exercise all the year round, but it should be done chiefly in the morning and evening to avoid the midday heat. Practice a little and often rather than long and irregularly. Accustom the body to its regular exercise, say at 7:30 in the morning and at six o'clock at night for ten minutes, instead of intermittent and spasmodic hours.

A good chest development at the same time abdomen reducing exercise is that of holding the hands straight out before you, stretching the arm muscles as much as possible, then slowly sweeping them in the side with a sweeping-like stroke, all the while keeping them on a level with the shoulders.

Hold them thus until you feel a strain upon the muscles, holding five while you inhale deeply and slowly, five more while you exhale and five while you slowly yet forcefully expel the air from the lungs until they seem entirely empty. This exercise expands the lungs and develops the breasts, and at the same time has the virtue of making the stomach and abdomen smaller.

To make the body supple and at the same time to reduce the hips place a bath mat or blanket upon

the floor and lie flat upon your back without a cushion or a pillow for the head. Try slowly raising to a sitting position without help of the hands. Let them hang loosely and raised at a 45 degree angle.

Also, reverse this and lie upon the stomach, raising your weight slowly with the aid of the hands until you are practically kneeling. Clasp the hands tightly above the head and keeping the elbows stiff, meanwhile breathing very deeply and slowly in a truly admirable means of developing the chest.

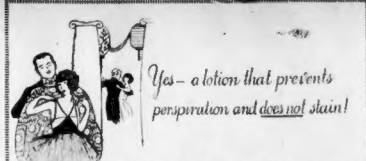
If the exercise in your own bedroom, or, better still, on a screened veranda, can be followed by a morning gallop in the park, or a country road, all the better.

And if you can sleep on the veranda or roof during your vacation, the entire summer, your health and beauty will have been doubled by the autumn.

Don't Send a Penny



Great Shoe Offer



Yes—a lotion that prevents perspiration and does not stain!

Solving with hitherto unimagined completeness the distressing problem of perspiration, Immac is a pre-requisite to daintiness more to be treasured than any other toilet accessory.

For Immac does even more than protect the finest, blindest lingerie against the havoc of perspiration. Crystal clear, without odor and soothingly antiseptic, this lotion banishes even the slightest suggestion of perspiration offense.

Accomplishing, as it does, refreshing underarm dryness, Immac truly perfects the daintiness women seek. It is colorless and transparent as spring water—it can not stain. It may be used freely as often as required. Get Immac at your dealer's.

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A CHARMING WAIST MODEL (3295). It is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 35-inch size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A NEW AND STYLISH SKIRT (3296). It is cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A 24-inch size will require 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.

GIRLS' BLOUSE SUIT (3308). Cut in four sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A PRETTY DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT TUNIC (3299). Cut in three sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size will require 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress with tunic and 4 1/2 yards without tunic.

LADIES' HOUSE OR PORCH DRESS (3300). Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A "DAINTY DRESS" FOR A "LITTLE GIRL" (3291). Cut in four sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A SMART AND ATTRACTIVE DRESS (3301). Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 36-inch size will require 6 yards of 36-inch material. To obtain any one of these desirable patterns fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 12c in silver for EACH PATTERN (each number) please see pat-

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3298.....Years 3291.....Years
3306.....Bust

Name.....
St. and No.....
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Instantly refreshing in your moments of fatigue

THERE is one faculty that nearly all great workers have in common—the faculty of never allowing themselves to get tired out. Fatigue carried to the point of exhaustion destroys the capacity to achieve. Just as an airplane engine wears out in a few months because it is constantly driven at maximum speed, while an automobile will last for years—so the man who constantly drives himself to the uttermost loses the quality of dynamic power.

The giants of our industrial history—men like Carnegie—Hill—Harriman—accustomed as they were to getting through enormous quantities of work at high pressure, kept their power unimpaired

One simple method of getting momentary relaxation

Most of us have noticed, for instance, that there is something restful in the mere act of washing one's face and hands—soap and water in themselves have a tonic effect on the system. The next time you wash, use Jergens Violet Soap—and see what a delightful amount of refreshment and relief you can get by this simple means.

Jergens Violet Soap especially made to refresh as well as cleanse. It contains an ingredient so cooling, so refreshing, that physicians often recommend this ingredient for its effect on the skin.

Dip a cake of Jergens Violet Soap in water—immediately you will feel its unusual quality of refreshment. Your skin will take on a cool, clean smoothness—you will experience an instant sense of relief.

The delicious fragrance of Jergens Violet, like that of living violets—its rich, snowy leather which bubbles up even in the hardest water—add to this wonderful quality of refreshment. Its crystal transparency tells you how pure it is.

Use Jergens Violet Soap throughout the day whenever you feel the need of momentary refreshment and relaxation. The same qualities that give it unusual refreshing value make it delightful for general use.

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For 6 cents we will send you a small size cake of Jergens Violet Soap. You will find a new refreshment in the mere act of washing your hands. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 6347 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 5347 Sherbrooke St. E., Perth, Ontario.

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This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out

easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

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